

## The Saivaluve

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# The Saivaluve

by [MiaQc](#)

## Summary

A nameless girl is walking in the forest, although it's night. She meets two men and learns interesting things.

- A translation of [Les Saivaluve](#) by [MiaQc](#)

I'm walking in the forest, even though it's night. I know I was supposed to be back home, but it's so boring there. I am no longer a little girl who can just play all day with a doll made of wood and branches. I am 8 years old, and I want to have fun, to explore the world. Well, the forest since my parents have forbidden me to leave it. As if I could see the end of it! So I walk in the woods every day, except when my parents are hunting. For some reason, I have to stay home when they go hunting.

Thus I walk in multiple paths, I watch the leaves of the trees move with the wind. It relaxes me. I avoid contact with humans, as my parents told me. I wonder why. After all, I am a human. No?

I continue to walk along the paths and between the trees, then I hear voices. They are far away, but they are slowly getting closer. Curiosity outweighs caution. I want to know who these voices belong to. I stand behind a tree and wait. Suddenly, I see two men coming. They walk slowly, as if they were looking for something. I peek out of my hiding place to see what they look like. One has short brown hair and holds a lantern in his hands. The other has long blond hair, pointed ears, and is holding a bow and arrow. Suddenly, the blond man stretches his bow with an arrow in my direction. He saw me! I hide my head behind the tree.

"What is it, Heiven?" Asks the man with the lantern.

"It's one of Them."

"What?"

The dark-haired man holds his lantern up to the tree where I am hidden. He can see my shadow. I am afraid.

"But it's just a child! Come on out, little one."

I stay where I am. I don't want to get shot.

"I'm Torold and my partner's name is Heiven. We're not going to hurt you."

"But...!" Heiven retorts.

"Lower your bow, my friend, or I will take it from you by force!"

"For a Man, you're stubborn. Very well."

Heiven lowers his bow and tucks his arrow into his quiver. With hesitation, I step out from behind the tree.

"See? She can't do anything to us." Says Torold. "What's your name, little one?"

"I'm not little!" I manage to say despite my fear.

"If you say so. Where are your parents?" Torold asks me.

"Home, no doubt, I have to get back. I'm late enough as it is!"

"Ha ha! So they're going to be pretty mad!" He said, no doubt to lighten the mood.

"Yes. Uh... why does your friend have pointy ears? Are there other men like him?"

"I beg your pardon? Know, young girl, that I am an Elf." Heiven replies sternly. "A Being of the Woods. Torold belongs to Men, to the humans."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know about Elves. My parents only tell me about humans. Besides, I'm human too."

"No, you are..."

"HEIVEN!" Torold said abruptly, as if he wanted to hide something. "We should let her go home. Our hunt isn't over. We must find these creatures."

"Those creatures? What creatures?" I asked.

"You're very curious." Said Heiven. "They are wolves with the appearance, the body of a human."

"They're Saivaluve." Torold adds. "And they eat Men, Elves, Dwarves, Fairies. Any fresh meat is good for them."

"Oh, this is horrible!" I say. "And are there any in these woods? I've never seen them."

"Good for you, otherwise... You better go home." Says Torold. "Go on, leave."

I thank them, say goodbye, and hurry back home. Strangely, I keep listening to the surroundings, as if to be sure not to be followed. Not

by a Saivaluve, but by Torold and Heiven. Why?

Safe in the simple wood house, I call my parents. They don't answer me. They aren't at home. They are out hunting. I could wait for them, but night is advancing, and I am tired. Thus I go to bed.

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